

## Fate Can Not be Changed

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Category: Harry Potter

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-24 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-24 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:08:17

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,220

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A metaphor to the Harry Potter is evil controversy thing.

May be edited. Please r/r

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**\*\*Fate Can Not be Changed\*\***

> <br> Two days had passed since the Dursleys and Harry had went back home. Vernon had forced everyone to stay outside, while he checked to make sure there were no more letters. When he came back, acting like a knight who had banished a dragon from a kingdom, he announced smugly that the culprit had surrendered.

> <br> Trying not to laugh, everyone entered the house, listening to Vernon boast about his persistence paying off. "Now there will be no madman coming near my family!" he had said with triumph. Everyone was convinced now that the whole mess was over with. The Dursleys treated Vernon as though he were a hero, which put him in a good mood. So much, in fact, that Harry decided to ask a question when he came down for breakfast the next day.

> <br> "Uncle Vernon?" He spoke timidly, prepared for any answer from a grunt to a ten minute rant usually beginning with, "Shut up, you lazy boy, and go do some work. You're too spoiled rotten..."

> <br> This time it was somewhere near the middlish/endish of the dreadfulness scale. Uncle Vernon put down the paper that he was reading, narrowed his large eyes at Harry, and glared at him, pursing his lips in annoyance.

> <br> "What is it, you little twerp?"

> <br> Harry was beginning to wonder if maybe he should have waited until after breakfast. Breakfast was the time where Vernon was in his particularly terrible moods, and was known to throw a heavy object or two at the wall -- or someone who happened to be standing between himself and the wall -- when he got annoyed. But it was too late to say "never mind" which would come as an extreme annoyance even in the best of circumstances. Harry spoke hesitantly.

> <br> "I was just -- er -- wondering what the letters said. I mean, if you -- uh -- can tell me."

> <br> While Vernon didn't stand up and slam down his coffee, he did grunt in that annoyed way of his which clearly stated that he wanted

to throttle Harry. Since Harry was reasonably sure that A) there were laws against killing your relatives and B) Vernon seemed angry but not furious, he knew that his life wasn't in danger. That, he knew, was the good news.

> <br> Soon he would learn the bad news: unfortunately for Harry, Vernon had already concocted a plan about the content of the letters. It wasn't very realistic, but it was the best that he could do.

> <br> Uncle Vernon spoke in a slow, clear voice, loudly but not yelling. He acted as though Harry was a bit daft. "Ruddy chain letters, boy." Then he added the usual command. "And don't ask questions!"

> <br> "Chain letters?" Harry pressed, despite his instincts telling him not to.

> <br> He knew what they were, of course. Dudley had received two in his lifetime. When he got the first, he decided to send it, wanting to receive the money promised. When only five pounds came, opposed to five hundred, he threw such a terrible tantrum that the neighbors came to see what was going on. When Dudley received the second chain letter, he threw it out, and sent nasty letters to the sender.

> <br> Uncle Vernon had assumed the opposite from this statement, however. "Chain letters," he repeated, as though Harry was too daft to know what his uncle was talking about, "are when someone sends you a letter saying something along the lines of, 'send this to twenty people or else you'll get bad luck.' "

> <br> Harry just nodded, figuring that that was the only response that he would get from Vernon. Well, at least he wasn't told to paint the house, again. Vernon returned to his coffee and continued to read the paper. Five minutes later, he spoke again.

> <br> "Wicked things, chain letters," he snarled.

> <br> Harry decided that he was probably remembering the money incident that had occurred five years ago. Dudley had been compensated, but Vernon had worked to make sure that the starter of that chain letter had been arrested. He was still in jail.

> <br> Harry decided, now that Vernon had raised the topic again, to voice his main question. "Er -- how did the people get my name?"

> <br> Vernon slammed down his coffee, which Harry knew was a horrible sign. "Heck, I don't know, boy! Probably from an address book."

> <br> He turned bright red, and stared at Harry with pure hate for the next five minutes. "Stop asking questions! Besides, who would **\*\*you\*\*** send the chain letters to, you lazy boy?"

> <br> "No one," Harry replied in a small voice. He had learned by now that it was best to appear weak in front of Vernon.

> <br> Vernon's lips curled into a cruel smile, like a torturer about to kill an animal. "Damn right, no one. Do you know why?"

> <br> Harry knew what to do; shake his head and look meek. He did so, and Vernon spoke again. "'Cause you got no friends, and your parents were idiots, leaving you as an unfair burden upon us."

> <br> It was the old "why we hate you; for no reason at all" lecture again. Harry had learned to tune his uncle out when he started at it. The lecture concluded with the usual.

> <br> "And that's why you're a wicked boy, a worker of Satan."

> <br> Harry was beginning to wonder by now how he could work for this creature of evil. Even though strange things happened to him for no reason, he couldn't see how this meant he was wicked. Dudley, maybe, but more likely his cousin was just a fat, lazy, idiot who would be too dim-witted to even be of use to this wicked creature.

> <br> Every day from then on, Harry was forced to say, at completely random intervals when asked by Petunia, "What is evil?"; "All

witchcraft is evil, because it has to do with Satan. Therefore, all children's' books are evil and must be banned."

> <br> For they were large fans of banning books. In Vernon's perfect world, books wouldn't exist and everyone would buy twenty boxes of drills -- daily -- from his store.

> <br> Harry was also forced to agree with Aunt Petunia when she went off on her rampages about why The Wizard of Oz was an immoral movie which taught about the existence of good witches, which according to the Dursleys was a vulgar idea. Aunt Petunia considered every book that taught about good ideas and ways to act terrible, especially if it taught about what the Dursleys considered to be the worst idea in the world; hope. Hope was even more wicked than Satan, because it gave sinful children the idea that fairies and witches would send them to balls and try to teach them lessons about being "good" and "bad".

> <br> Hoping for an escape from a terrible life, even the chances of it actually happening were small to none, was a direct ticket to Hell. At least, that's what the Dursleys believed, along with some of their friends.

> <br> While the Dursleys constantly referred to the evil Satan of the Bible, they overlooked the fact that miracles and hope were almost the sole purpose of the old texts. And yet, what was far worse was the fact that not once was God even mentioned under the Dursleys' roof, unless you counted the time where Dudley fell down the stairs and screamed at the top of his lungs, "God! That hurt! Mummy! Daddy! Harry pushed me!" (Harry hadn't.) Harry seemed to get the idea, many times, that the Dursleys were only paying attention to the "thou shalt not" commandments, and not the miracles that had occurred during various times.

> <br> Once, Harry had countered to Petunia about the Parting of the Red Sea being magic, yet not of the Bible. She fainted with shock, and Vernon had yelled at Harry for two hours, and it was days later that the ringing had stopped in his ears. But when Harry had asked his teacher, the teacher explained that those miracles were preformed by God. There was nothing at all wrong with good things happening to the unfortunate; just that people should be wary of evil in life. In fact, when Harry had mentioned to his teacher about how his aunt and uncle considered children's books to be immoral, the teacher thought that he was joking. She still didn't believe it.

> <br> But after a while, Harry had learned to adjust to these extremes. But what was horrible was that, now that the letters were gone, the pessimistic attitude towards where his life in general was going ("...down to prison if you don't shapen up, you lousy boy! But then again, with your parents, what can we expect? You're a disgrace to the name of Dursley...") to a new extreme. Harry now had to hear about how horrible and immoral his parents were, and how he was a punishment to them because of a pass life fault. Harry had learned before that there was no reincarnation in their religion, but he thought it best not to tell them this.

> <br> At last, August 25th, the day that Dudley would leave, arrived. That day marked the beginning of a wonderful school year, where Harry would be able to start over and possibly even make new friends. He still had two days left before school began, but in his mind school had already begun.

> <br> "My ickle Dudleykins!" sobbed Petunia as she escorted him to the door, dressed in his school uniform. He was going to Kings Cross to take the train to Smeltings. "All grown up and starting at a new school. I remember when you were only five years old, going to your first day at day school! Mummy will miss you so much, hunnykins!"

> <br> She gave him about twenty messy hugs and kisses. "We'll see you at Christmas Holidays, Dudders. Be sure to eat lots of food and be your charming gentleman self, sweetums!" She was staying at home, "to prevent Harry from blowing up the house". Vernon, however, was taking Dudley to the train.

> <br> Vernon managed to stop Petunia from squeezing Dudley to death and wrung him out of her grasp. He smiled in an embarrassed way at his son as though they were sharing a secret about his mom. He nodded to Dudley, and they began to walk away.

> <br> "Right then, son. Let's go, and make Daddy proud. Petunia, I'll see you in a bit." And then they left. Harry escaped to his room as quickly as he could, trying not to burst with laughter.

> <br> "Harry!" screamed Aunt Petunia, hearing his footsteps.

> <br> \_What now?\_ wondered Harry.

> <br> "Yes, Aunt Petunia?" he asked mechanically, already beginning to walk downstairs.

> <br> "Come down, right now. This second, you lazy boy. I have chores for you."

> <br> Harry groaned inwardly. "Coming," he called, slowly walking downstairs.

> <br> Aunt Petunia grabbed him by the ear and shoved a list at him.

> <br> "I want you to have all of these tasks done before 12:00, or else you won't get lunch. And, mind you, do them well or else you'll go without dinner too."

> <br> "Yes, Aunt Petunia," he said through gritted teeth, trying to be polite.

> <br> She left the room and Harry glanced at the list. He sighed inwardly. It would take him all day...

> <br> \*\*\*\*\*

> <br> Two days later, Harry got dressed in the raggedy Stonewall uniform that his aunt had dyed a few weeks before. He knew how ridiculous he looked, but there was nothing that he could do. He knew that if he refused to wear the uniform, Aunt Petunia would just repeatedly smack him upside the head with her frying pan. And he certainly did not want to have bruises on his head today.

> <br> Aunt Petunia had made Harry a slice of toast; overburnt bread and stale grape jelly. Harry barely managed to choke it down.

> <br> "My goodness, look at that awful dress that Mrs. Perna has on. You can really see how large her behind is."

> <br> "Sidney hasn't trimmed his grass in five days!"

> <br> "Will you look at the size of that pimple on Martha's daughter? See what happens when you neglect your looks?"

> <br> Petunia said these comments as Harry fought hard against the urge to throw up from his breakfast. Petunia saw that he was finished eating.

> <br> "Hurry up, Harry. Your school bus will be here in a minute," she snapped, smacking him on the head to get him to hurry.

> <br> "But it's thirty minutes until the bus normally comes," Harry protested without thinking. Petunia didn't take well to people disagreeing with her ideas, incorrect as they often were.

> <br> Aunt Petunia hit his head with her fist, several times.

> <br> "Don't you EVER talk back to me! You are a burden on this household, you ungrateful wretch!" On and on she went, as usual.

> <br> "I'm sorry," said Harry, not meaning it, ten minutes later. Aunt Petunia had finally lost her voice.

> <br> "Get ready, insolent brat!" she hissed, hitting him again. Harry was glad to obey.

> <br> \*\*\*\*\*

> <br> After standing outside for forty minutes, the bus finally

came. The door opened and Harry got inside. A tall boy was already in the bus, and a dark haired girl, seated at different seats. Harry smiled awkwardly at them. The boy moved over in his seat so that Harry could sit next to him.

> <br> "What's your name?" the boy asked.

> <br> "Harry Potter. You?"

> <br> "Colin Creevy."

> <br> "What grade are you going into, Colin?"

> <br> "Fifth, you?"

> <br> "Sixth."

> <br> "Oh, so you're going to Stonewall?"

> <br> "Yeah. You're still at the Elementary school, right?"

> <br> "Yes, is it good? My family just moved here."

> <br> "Well, the teachers aren't too bad. But my cousin kind of made everyone hate me."

> <br> "Oh. Well, my dad's a mailman, and he just got transferred here. What about yours?"

> <br> "My parents are dead. I live with my aunt and uncle."

> <br> Colin didn't say anything for a few minutes; he seemed to be remembering something.

> <br> "Who's that?!" he squealed suddenly, looking outside the window.

> <br> Harry followed Colin's finger and saw a giant waving to him. He gasped as the giant disappeared.

> <br> "Very strange. D'you know him?" asked Colin eagerly, seeing him vanish.

> <br> "I've never seen him before in my life, but it isn't the first time that this has happened." Harry then proceeded to explain all about the strangers who had waved to him or shook his hand, and about the queer events which had occurred for no logical reason.

> <br> Colin scratched his head. "Y'know, the part about the events has happened to me a lot, too. I wonder what it means."

> <br> Suddenly, the bus came to a screeching halt, and Harry saw that everyone else --the bus had filled up as he and Colin had been talking -- was standing up, getting off.

> <br> "See you this afternoon, Harry!" Colin shouted as they walked towards the school.

> <br> Harry was about to answer when suddenly he heard a voice saying, "Got yeh!"

> <br> \*\*\*\*\*

> Five minutes earlier...<br>

> "Ruddy Muggles. I knew tha' Harry ha'n't ben gettin' hi' letters, bu' I had no idea tha' the Muggle transportation wa' so slow. Well, here we are." Hagrid was telling this to his owl, who was still hooting from the bus ride. Hagrid had gotten some odd looks when he brought him there, but what else could he have done? The owl didn't know his way around Muggle towns.<br>

> "Well, let's go to Harry's school, then. I'll jus' let yeh out o' my pocket, ok?" <br>

> Hagrid had needed to stuff the owl in his pocket after the hooting had gotten horrible. Besides, one Muggle had told him, "Animals aren't allowed on the bus, Mister."<br>

> "My goodness! Here he is now!!!" Hagrid screamed, running behind a tree. He checked to make sure he had his letter in his pocket, which he did.<br>

> He knew that the only way to get Harry to listen to him was to startle and grab him. Being courteous had its time and place, and now wasn't it. So, Hagrid already planned his next moves as he saw Harry. He sneaked out as soon as he saw Harry passing, and jumped from behind him and grabbed him. <br>

> "Got yeh!"<br>  
> \*\*\*\*\*<br>  
> Harry had no idea what was going on. He had just gotten out of the bus, talking to Colin, when some oddly dressed giant got out and grabbed him. Harry was too shocked to scream, and felt himself being transported to a grassy hut near a castle.<br>  
> "Meh home, Harry," the giant explained as he let go of him. "Sit down, siddown!"<br>  
> Harry nervously took a seat, surprisingly not feeling very scared.<br>  
> "Harry, didn't yeh get yer letters? Don't yeh know about Hogwarts?"<br>  
> "My what? Hogwarts?"<br>  
> "Oh no! Yeh don't know? Yeh don't even know about yer parents?"<br>  
  
> "My parents are dead. They died in a car crash."<br>  
> "Blimey, they didn't die in a car crash. They were killed by an evil wizard, whose name must not be said."<br>  
> "A wizard?"<br>  
> "Yeh don't even know what wizards exist? What about Hogwarts?"<br>  
  
> "Hogwarts?"<br>  
> "By my fathers grave! Harry, listen up because I got a lot to tell yeh. Right. So I better tell yeh. Well, first you gotta knew the truth. Yeah. Well, you see..."<br>  
> "Yeah?"<br>  
> "Yer a wizard!"<br>  
> Hagrid then explained everything as he had before. Harry just stared, open mouthed at him.<br>  
> "You mean, I'll get to leave the Dursleys and learn magic at an enchanted castle?"<br>  
> "Yup. But somehow things didn't turn out as they outa ter have. When we, the staf', had a meeting, things took a bit longer than they were supposed ter have. So when you were at the Hut on the Rock, I couldn't make it. But now I'm here, and we gots to get yeh to Diagon Alley before term starts. Everyone else will have the same memory as they had before. And Colin's memory will need ter be erased."<br>  
  
> "Why?"<br>  
> "'Cause he's magical, too. He can't know before he gets his letter...he's going ter meet you next year, when he starts. Now, let's go and get yer things, hurry along, we have no time to waste, careful when you walk past Fang, he's sleeping..."<br>  
> And the rest is history!<br>  
> <strong>The End</strong>  
> <br> And the moral of the story is:  
> Harry fans, don't be discouraged about the controversies going on. Just because some idiots can't appreciate the books, it doesn't mean that the books won't continued to have success. Just like Harry was meant to go and succeed at Hogwarts, the books were meant to be read for centuries to come. No Hater, impostor (Stouffer), or anyone else can change that. Just keep reading the books and sending letters to JK Rowling. Write fanfic. This story is to show that even though small events changed that may have made it <strong>seem</strong> like Harry would be doomed to go to a Muggle school, fate took over. Really big things, like the success of the ingenious JK Rowling, can never be changed.

End

file.